..A.. Girl's Responsibility

By Beatrice Fairfax.

GIRLS, do you know that it is your duty to make your men friends regard you as the best, purest and sweetest girls in the world.

Man sets a high standard for woman, and she must live up to it if she wishes to wield a good influence over him.

You must make the man who is attentive to you realize that you respect yourself and that you demand that he respect you also.

Make him understand that he can not treat you with familiarity; that he can not be a friend of yours if he is vulgar in word or deed, nor if he is intemperate.

If he loves you and sees that you expect all this he will try to be worthy of you.

But you must never lower his ideal of you or you will immediately lose your influence over him.

If you drink a cocktail you can not expect him to refrain. If you laugh at vulgar stories you can not expect that he will refrain from repeating them in your presence.

Let him see the high value that you place upon honor, and never swerve one inch from your standard.

Do not, of course, expect him to be a demigod, for no man is that! but do demand that he be an honorable, temperate, manly man.

Don't nag. The nagging girl never has any lasting influence over a man, but keep steadily to your ideal of what a good man should be.

Forgive him if he occasionally has lapses, but on no account promise to marry him until you are quite sure that he is the kind of a man that you would be proud of as your husband and the father of your children.

The girl who marries a man to reform him, deliberately enters upon a life of misery and failure.

The man who enjoys the friendship of a nice girl should be deeply appreciative of the privilege.

If he takes her to places of amusement, those places should be absolutely above suspicion. He should see that she reaches home in proper time, and should never introduce her to any man or woman of whose good reputation he is not quite sure.

Now, you see, girls, for a man to treat you in that way it is necessary that he should look on you as something very pure and precious.

Never encourage a man to speak to you unless he has been properly introduced.

You cannot expect a man to have as much respect for a girl who makes eyes at him and allows him to speak to her without introduction as he would for the girl whom he had to ask to be introduced to.

Of course, I know that once in a while a friendship formed in that way will turn out all right, but it is a great risk and not at all the right way of doing things.

Be dignified and modest, and you will find that the average man will treat you with respect, and that he will be anxious to stand well in your eyes.

He will know that if he wants to win your regard he must live up to your standard of what a man should be.

It is your duty to make that standard a high one.—New York American.

The Law Against Killing

Deep Rooted Feeling Against Murder Exists in Most Animals.....

By Ernest Thompson Seton.

THERE is a deep-rooted feeling against murder in most animals. Their senses tell them that this is one of their own race, and their instinct that, therefore, it is not lawful prey. New-born rattlesnakes will strike instantly at a stranger of any other species, but never at one of themselves. I have seen a young mink, still blind, suck at a mother cat till fed, then try to kill her. Though a blood-thirsty creature, it would never have attacked its own mother.

Wild animals often fight for the mastery, usually over a question of mates, but in virtually all cases the fight is over when one yields. The vanquished can save himself either by submission or by flight. What is commoner than to see the weaker of two dogs disarm his conqueror by groveling on the ground? The victor in a fight between two cats is satisfied when the foe flies; he will not pursue him twenty yards. In either case, had the enemy been of another race, the victor would have followed and killed him.

What makes the difference? Obviously not a reasoned-out conclusion, but a deep instinctive feeling—the recognition of the unwritten law against unnecessarily killing one's own kind.

There are doubtless exceptions to this. Cannibalism is recorded of many species, but investigation shows that it is rare except in the lowest forms, and among creatures demoralized by domestication or captivity. The higher the animals are, the more repugnant does cannibalism become. It is seldom indulged in except under dire stress of famine. Nothing but actual starvation induced Nansen's dogs to eat the flesh of their comrades, although it was offered to them in a disguised form. Experience shows me that it is useless to bait a wolf trap with a part of a dead wolf. His kinsmen shun it in disgust, unless absolutely famished.

Obviously no race can live by cannibalism, and this is instinctively recognized by all the higher animals. In other words, the law against murder has been hammered into them by natural selection, and so fully established that not only will they abstain from preying on one of their own tribe, but will rally to rescue one whose life is threatened. The fact that there are exceptional cases does not disprove the law among beasts any more than among men.—From The Century.

MILLIONAIRE LUXURIES OPEN TO ALL

Apartment-Houses Achieve This By a System of Cooperation.

By grouping together, residents in New York get the comforts and luxuries that only a millionaire could afford individually, says The Delineator.

In the higher priced apartment district that fronts New York's Central Park, the mechanism of the house is adjusted to a nicety to register a resident's slightest wish and perform it. A superintendent in a velvet carpeted office sits with the attentive telephone at his elbow fairly listening to your only sigh. His hand on the throttle of all the activities that serve you, keeps them regulated to your finest shade of comfort.

Heat, ventilation, refrigeration and electric light are distributed to each apartment through the walls of the building that is literally piped for the delivery of commodities. Radiators in colorings to match the wall tints, dispense decoratively the soft warmth from steam pipes that obviate all the hygienic objections to dust laden furnace heat. Ventilators in the side wall admit fresh air first warmed by passing over a radiator surface. The ice-box is filled, not with ice, but with coils of pipe carrying ice cold brine pumped from the basement refrigerating machine that cools it by the chemical action of ammonia.

Public Pigeons for Potpie.

Much agitation has been created the last few days by the knowledge that men are trapping the pigeons on the Common and killing them for food, not for their own use even, but purely as a business proposition, finding a ready market for the birds. It has been printed that there is no way of stopping the vandalism, as the birds do not belong to any one, but this impression was contradicted by the police this morning, when the statement was made at headquarters, that no complaint had yet been received about the fate of the pigeons, but that if one should be entered it would be very easy to prosecute for "larceny from a person unknown."—Boston Transcript.

THE LONELY LITTLE FELLOWS.

The lonely little fellow sits among his idle toys
And finds no charm about what once he thought his greatest joys;
He does not run and laugh and play; he will but sit and wait
And listen for a footfall or the rattle of the gate,
And watch to see somebody coming through the open door—
Somebody who will clasp him and will sing to him no more.

He is too young, they tell us, far too young to know at all
The truth about the sorrow that the hand of fate let fall—
And yet he sits and watches with his hope told in his eyes
And oft with lips a-quiver he will stifle little sighs;
He gazes from the window in the sunshine and the rain
And none of us may fathom how his heart is wrung with pain.

And nights he bravely chambers in his little bed alone
And whispers little prayers that his trusting soul has known
Since first he lisped them slowly, kneeling at somebody's knee—
And should we tiptoe lightly to his bedside we should see
Dim tear stains on his eyelids, for, the same as you or I
The little boy has stumbled on the barring question "Why?"

He can not understand it? Ah, we try hard to believe
That lonely little fellows know not what it is to grieve.
But they waken in the morning and they look about to find
The arms that once would hold them in embraces warm and kind,
And they, too, have their sorrow, and they dumbly hold and keep
A memory that mocks them of the grief that will not sleep.

The lonely little fellows! Do you know of one somewhere?
Then go take him up and soothe him while you smooth his sunny hair,
And sing to him and whisper little stories all the while
Until his eyes are laughing and his lips will wear a smile,
For life is scant of gladness, and the shadows dull the day
When the lonely little fellows do not sing and laugh and play.

—W. D. Nesbit in St. Louis Republic.

The Broken Shaft

The big homeward-bound liner plowed her way through the Tyrrhenian sea, heading for Bonifaco. Far away in the starboard the red flare of Stromboncan eruption served as a convenient lighthouse. Overhead in the blue, illimitable vault gleamed countless stars, their pale reflections seemingly caught up again in the long eddies of phosphorescent water that raced past on either bow.

A man and a woman came up the first saloon compartment, and, walking to the taffrail, looked over the side for some moments without speaking. Presently the man turned to his companion.

"We're bound to make Marseilles on Tuesday at this pace,' he declared, with unmistakable dissatisfaction in his tone.

"I'm sorry," replied the girl frankly.

"So am I."

"Why?"

"Dear, you know," he protested.

The girl smiled with content.

"Yes, but tell me," she persisted.

"Because, if by any unlooked-for piece of luck we don't touch Marseilles until Wednesday it will mean another six days of heaven for me."

"Don't be silly," she answered, reprovingly, "but—well; it will be nice all the same. Just think what hangs on it—either forty-eight more hours together for us like this and then good-by, or else nearly a whole week of being together."

"There's no alternative?"

"None, if we get to Marseilles on Tuesday, I'm to meet my people and go home with them overland. If we don't get in until the day after I'm to stop where I am and go to sea. Dearest, can't anything be done to make us late? Could't you bribe the captain?"

"He's too unsympathetic, I'm afraid. The only thing that could do us any good would be for the engine to break down."

"We'll hope it will then. I think I'd almost give the chief engineer—ugly as he is—a kiss for himself if he does."

The man looked up at the thick smoke belching from the funnels and felt the quick throb of the screw.

"No such luck, sweetheart," he answered, moodily.

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Aft, and down below the main deck where the heat and motion are intensified, the second-class passengers endeavored to make themselves as comfortable as their stuffy, ill-ventilated cabins permitted. The majority of these were so near the water line that the portholes could not be opened. In the cheerful assurance, however, that the voyage would soon be over, this matter seemed a small one.

A man of little more than thirty, but with hair prematurely gray from prolonged residence in the East, and a skin like weak coffee, paced restlessly up and down the narrow passageway between the row of cabins. His face was careworn and his fingers itched restlessly as he walked. Judging from his clothes and general appearance one would have been inclined to put him down as a storekeeper, or at any rate as a person engaged in some subordinate occupation.

At the threshold of the second saloon the ship's doctor met him, descending the companion. He was almost the only individual on board to whom the shy, unsociable stranger had spoken. Nearly every one else held aloof or sneered covertly at his awkward ways and rough speech.

"Well," he said, pleasantly, "you won't be sorry to get to Marseilles, I expect?"

"I pray to the A'mighty, sir, that we're there by Tuesday at latest," was the earnest reply.

"Is it so important as that?" laughed the other.

"I believe a life hangs on it, sir. My wife is in London—dying. It's eleven long years since I left her and the child—the little lass that won't know her father when she sees him. Two months ago my poor Mary met with a bad accident. The matron at the hospital she was taken to wrote me in Bombay, and said as how I must come at once, if I wanted to see her alive, for paralysis had set in. Well, I got leave and raised the passage money somehow. It was a hard pull, but I did it. At Port Said there was a telegram saying she might last till Thursday morning. Oh, sir, do you think I shall be able to catch the night train on Tuesday?"

The doctor glanced at the daily record of the ship's run hanging under the clock.

"I should certainly say so," he returned encouragingly.

"Thank God," replied the other fervently, as he watched his retreating figure. The doctor's confidence inspired him with fresh hope. He went on deck to enjoy it.

As he passed the first saloon alleyway he had a strange feeling that the ship was slowing down a little. He told himself that it was imagination, and went toward the rail to look at the waves. Through the soft darkness he could just see a man with a girl by his side a few yards in front of him. He had no intention of listening but in the still air he could hear plainly what they were saying.

"Isn't it glorious, sweetheart?" exclaimed the man. "I've just had it straight from the chief engineer—the propeller shaft has snapped and we can't possibly get to Marseilles before Friday afternoon."—Pall Mall Gazette.

IN HARD LUCK? TRY A SMILE.

Optimistic Club of America Guarantees to Cure All Troubles.

In the hope of clearing away the gloom, which has apparently permeated all parts of the United States owing to the combined efforts of the money stringency and the grip, a novel organization has been founded at Salt Lake City, Utah, for the purpose of dispensing cheerful philosophy. It is called "The Optimistic Club of America." President Roosevelt, Cabinet Ministers, and the Governors of every State in the Union have been invited to become honorary members.

Charles A. Quigley, Vice President of the Studebaker Brothers, has been elected President, and it is the desire of the organization to found a chapter in every hamlet, village, town, or city in the United States.

Here is some of the philosophy sent out by the club:

A smile is potential, magnetic, and dispels trouble.

Hard-luck stories are like overdue notes.

Shake hands as though you meant it, and smile.

When in doubt, take optimism.

In the realm of the birds, the lark is the optimist, the crow is the pessimist. Why be a crow?

You are under a real obligation to every man on earth.

There are more people dying each day for the lack of a kind word, a pat on the back, and a little encouragement, than there are from disease.

An Argentine R. R. Deal.

Reports from Buenos Ayres state that the contract for the sale of the Andino railway will be signed ad referendum by the minister of public works, subject to final approval by congress. The sale price is £4,465,000. This sum will be applied exclusively to construction of extensions of narrow gauge lines owned by the government, and to complete that system, as the Andino line, being of broad gauge, outlet and junction with that line is considered impracticable. The proceeds of this sale, not being considered as revenue, will be deposited in a special account for the above purpose, and will not be appropriated to cover ordinary expenditure nor for the purchase of armaments.—Engineer.

Revolutionary House.

One of the oldest dwelling houses in Dauphin county, that antedates the Revolutionary war period, and is still standing, is a stone house on the farm owned by Samuel Moyer, a brother of Gabriel Moyer, of Mount Joy, and tenanted by Elias Whisler, one mile from Derry church. The inscription cut on the cornerstone tells that the building was erected in 1763 by Charles Clay and that the mason work was done by John Pike. Although the house has been standing for a century and a half, it is in good condition and bids fair to stand for another century.—Philadelphia Record.

Merry Side of Life.

AN EPITAPH.

This epitaph has been suggested for a dentist's monument:

"View this gravestone with all gravity;
Below I'm filling my last cavity."

—Judge.

THE COST.

"Do you find your automobile expensive?"

"Rather. I can get oil and repairs on credit, but there are the fines and the interest on the mortgage on my house. They call for cash."—Philadelphia Ledger.

KNEW IT BY THE REACTION.

Baldwin—"Had a fine time last night, hadn't you?"

Rambo (bathing his aching head)—"Best ever!"

Baldwin—"What did you do?"

Rambo—"I haven't the slightest idea."—Chicago News.

HER WEATHER MAN.

"Oh, Alois, if only we have decent weather on Sunday for our garden party! What does your rheumatism indicate?"

"For the present warm and fair; then the wind will turn east, fog and rain."—Fliegende Blaetter.

DID IT FOR THE FAMILY.

Hicks—"You look worried, old man."

Wicks—"Why shouldn't I look worried? My wife and three daughters have all gone into Christian Science, and now I have to do the worrying for the whole family."—Somerville Journal.

PREFERENCE.

"Which do you like best," asked the man who is fond of animals, "dogs or horses?"

"Dogs," answered youg Mrs. Torkins promptly. "They don't lend themselves to the schemes of the bookmakers to get Charley's money."—Washington Star.

GALLANTRY.

"Thank you very much," said the lady, smilingly accepting the proffered seat.

"Madam," said the man, tipping his hat, "you surprise and pain me."

"I do not understand you."

"Well, you've lost me a bet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

SPEEDING THE PARTING.

"Well, I really must go, Miss Weary. I suppose I've staid too late?"

"Oh, better late than never, you know!"—New York Telegram.

"THREE WEEKS ELAPSE."

"Just a little touch of realism," remarked the dramatist with pardonable pride. "It's a wonder nobody ever thought of it before."

"What is it?"

"Why, my heroine is a brunette in Act I. and a blonde in Act II."—Courier-Journal.

WHY HE WAS POLITICAL.

"Your father is in politics," said the stranger, "is he not?"

"Yeh," replied the boy, "but mom thinks he's getting cured of it."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, his stummick has gone back on him an' he can't drink like he uster."—Catholic Standard and Times.

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE.

"What your husband needs most," said the family physician, "is complete rest."

"Where would you advise us to go?" queried Mrs. Gabbleton.

"I'd advise him to stay right here at home," replied the M. D. "That is, if you can arrange to go away for a few weeks."—Chicago News.

HARDLY.

Miss D.—"Angelina, why don't you marry Lieutenant Y.?"

Miss A.—"First, because he has no brains, and he can't ride, dance or play tennis. What could we do with him?"

"But he swims beautifully."

"Oh, yes. But one can't keep one's husband in an aquarium, you know."—London Tit-Bits.